

And never again!

**'TIS BUT AN HOUR
SINCE FIRST WE MET,**

Ballad by W. Preston Woolley

“’Tis but an hour since first we met,
Another, and our paths will sever;
Nor deem it strange it makes regret
To think that we may part forever.”

Music Arranged by

WILLIAM CUMMING.

Piano & Solo, net

Guitar & Solo, net

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VOICE.

Affectuoso.

dolce.

PIANO FORTE.

'Tis but an hour since first we met, A - noth - er, and our paths will sever: Nor deem it

strange it wakes re - gret To think that we may part for - ever. The

bark that bears me o'er life's main, May ne-er meet with thine a - gain; Yet think not

thou wilt pass a - way, As some fair vision of the night That glads us

with a moment's stay, And in a moment wings its flight.

When young An -

- ro - ra wakes the dawn, When Flo - - ra trips the blooming

lea, All radiant with the smiles of morn, Then,

dear - est, I will think of thee! When twi - - light steals up on the

day, And wea - - ried nature folds her wing, And unseen

minstrels far a - way, Touch light the sweet AEolian string: That echo

voice will come a - gain And mingle with the passing strain.

And when yon queenly orb of night
 Throws back her veil of ether blue,
 And floats in beauty and in light,
 I'll gaze on her, and think of you.

No dearest, no. Forget me not!
 Is traced so clearly on that brow
 That thou can't never be forgot
 While memory clings to aught below.